July
1954

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purpose of the

Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications—this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

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COVER BY KRIS DODDS AND JOANNE CONNORS (SEE PAGE 19)

What do you know?

Someone in the office sharpened a pencil last month and came up with some shocking news. The cost of THE LADDER on a per copy basis exceeds the $2.50 subscription rate we have been charging. The advertising we have been running and the donations we have received from those graciously contributing financial support just don't cover this discrepancy.

We are therefore advising our readers and subscribers that the subscription rate will be raised to $4.00 per year effective September 1, 1959. Subscribers are being given the opportunity, however, of renewing their subscriptions for not more than two years at the old rate of $2.50 per year. To take advantage of this saving renewals must be received in our office before September 1.

Rates to foreign countries, other than Canada and Mexico, will be $5.00. For foreign airmail rates will have to be computed individually.

In line with the above, we would like to point out that the Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., has been recognized by the Federal Government as being officially on the "tax free" list. Thus all contributions are deductible on your Federal Income Tax.

This new position was brought about through the good, and free, offices of our attorney, Kenneth Zwerin, who was brought into the picture after the government ruled unfavorably on our petition. Mr. Zwerin cannily found a section of the Tax Code even the "revenooers" had overlooked, and the government reconsidered and changed its ruling. For this we are deeply grateful!

All members, whether active or associate, receive THE LADDER as part of their membership privileges. (See the inside back cover.) Chapters are located in San Francisco, Los Angeles (P.O. Box 3561, Long Beach, Calif.) and New York (1133 Broadway, Room 304).

male and female - There is a Difference!

THE FEMALE MAY OR MAY NOT BE DEADLIER THAN THE MALE, BUT SHE CERTAINLY IS DIFFERENT! THE MANY AREAS OF DIFFERENCE, PARTICULARLY IN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR, WERE EXPLAINED BY DR. WARDELL B. POMEROY, FIELD DIRECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH AT INDIANA UNIVERSITY (FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS THE KINSEY INSTITUTE) BEFORE A LARGE GROUP OF FRIENDS AND MEMBERS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS RECENTLY.

THE INSTITUTE HAS BEEN IN EXISTENCE FOR 21 YEARS AT INDIANA, AND HAS AS ITS GOAL THE STUDY OF ALL SEXUAL BEHAVIOR. TO DATE APPROXIMATELY 18,000 HISTORIES HAVE BEEN COMPILED, ALMOST EQUALLY DIVIDED BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

THE NEXT BOOK THE INSTITUTE PLANS TO PUBLISH WILL DEAL WITH SEX OFFENDERS (MALE ONLY SINCE, AS DR. POMEROY POINTED OUT, THERE ARE FEW, IF ANY, FEMALE SEX OFFENDERS). FOLLOWING THIS BOOK, DUE TO BE PUBLISHED IN LESS THAN TWO YEARS, THERE WILL BE A VOLUME EITHER ON TRANSVESTISM OR ON HOMOSEXUALITY.

THE INSTITUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH DERIVES ITS FINANCIAL SUPPORT ON A BASIS OF ONE-THIRD FROM INDIANA UNIVERSITY, ONE-THIRD FROM ROYALTIES FROM THE BOOKS AND ONE-THIRD FROM FOUNDATIONS. AT PRESENT THE UNITED STATES PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE IS CONTRIBUTING THE FINAL THIRD. THE INSTITUTE EMPLOYS A STAFF OF TEN.

DR. POMEROY POINTED OUT THAT WE ARE "PART AND PARCEL OF OUR MAMMALIAN HERITAGE." THERE IS NOTHING SEXUAL THE HUMAN BEING DOES THAT OTHER MAMMALS DON'T DO. THE QUESTION, HE POINTED OUT, IS NOT WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE HOMOSEXUAL BUT "WHAT IS IT THAT KEEPS EVERYONE FROM HAVING HOMOSEXUAL CONTACT?"

TABOOS AGAINST HOMOSEXUALITY ARE NOT UNIVERSAL, ALTHOUGH OUR CULTURE IS ATYPICAL IN THAT FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY IS NOT FROWNED UPON AS STRONGLY AS IS THAT OF THE MALE.

IN 200 PRIMITIVE CULTURES STUDIED, 25% ACCEPT MALE HOMOSEXUALITY WHILE 11% ACCEPT LESBIANISM. AMONG THE AMERICAN INDIANS 53% ACCEPT MALE HOMOSEXUALITY WHILE ONLY 17% ACCEPT LESBIANISM. ONE-THIRD OF THE CULTURES REJECTED FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY COMPLETELY.

OUR PRESENT-DAY ATTITUDES STEM FROM THE ANCIENT JUDAIC LAWS WHICH CAME ABOUT DURING THE 17TH CENTURY B.C. WHEN A WAVE OF NATIONALISM DEVELOPED. LAWS WERE PASSED AGAINST MASTURBATION AND MALE HOMOSEXUALITY, DEMANDING THE DEATH PENALTY, BUT LESBIANISM WAS CONSIDERED MERELY AN INDECENCY. THIS DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MALE AND FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY CARRIED OVER INTO CHRISTIANITY.

THE PRESENT DAY CULTURES OF AMERICA, ENGLAND AND EUROPE ARE THE MOST INHIBITED OF ALL TIME ACCORDING TO ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

IN DISCUSSING THE MATERIAL GATHERED BY THE INSTI TUTE FOR SEX RESEARCH, DR. POMEROY STATED HIS BELIEF THAT THE FEMALE IS NOT AS SEXUAL AS THE MALE. THERE ARE, HE BELIEVES, ONLY ABOUT HALF AS MANY LESBIANS AS THERE ARE MALE HOMOSEXUALS.

"IN DISCUSSING MEN WITH LESBIANS AND WOMEN WITH MALE HOMOPHILES I FIND THEY HAVE THE SAME REACTIONS TO THE OPPOSITE SEX AS DO MARRIED MEN AND WOMEN." THERE IS, HE POINTED OUT, A BASIC DIFFERENCE IN WHAT SEX MEANS TO MAN AND WOMAN.

MEN ARE MORE AROUSED BY SEEING AND THINKING THAN ARE WOMEN. ONE-THIRD OF THE WOMEN INTERVIEWED WERE SEXUALLY AROUSED IN THIS MANNER, HE STATED. SOME WOMEN CAN BE MORE HIGHLY AROUSED THAN ANY MAN; BUT NINE PERCENT OF THE WOMEN IN THE SURVEY HAVE NEVER ACHIEVED ORGASM.

THERE IS A WIDER RANGE OF SEXUALITY IN WOMEN THAN IN MEN, AND DR. POMEROY THINKS IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THE LESBIAN MAY BE MORE RESPONSIVE SEXUALLY THAN THE AVERAGE FEMALE. ALTHOUGH, HE POINTS OUT, THERE ARE MANY LESBIANS WHO ARE NOT SEXUALLY AROUSED, OR EVEN INTERESTED. THEIR INTEREST IN WOMEN IS PRIMARILY THAT OF COMMON INTERESTS AND COMPANIONSHIP.

THE LESBIAN HAS A MORE MONOGAMOUS APPROACH TO LIFE THAN DOES A MAN, AND A WOMAN RARELY HAS MORE THAN 20 RELATIONSHIPS DURING HER LIFE. DR. POMEROY BELIEVES THAT MALE HOMOSEXUALITY GIVES A MAN MORE FREEDOM TO EXPRESS THE PROMISCUOUS MALE INCLINATION.

THE MALE HOMOSEXUAL APPROACHES A RELATIONSHIP WITH A PHYSICAL ATTITUDE, SUCH AS GROPING, WHILE A LESBIAN HAS A MORE GRADUAL APPROACH, LEAVING THE PHYSICAL ASPECT TO FOLLOW IN TIME.

DR. POMEROY IS SCEPTICAL THAT LESBIANS EXPRESS MASCULINITY AND MALE HOMOSEXUALS FEMININITY. THERE ARE A FEW SUCH, HE ADMITS, BUT FEELS THAT THEIR ACTIONS ARE PART OF A LEARNED, CULTURAL CONDITIONING.

WE ARE ALL BORN WITH THE INHERITED ABILITY TO RESPOND SEXUALLY, BUT ENVIRONMENT AND SOCIETY CREATE THE PATH WE CHOOSE.

THE FEMALE IS NOT AS CONDITIONABLE AS THE MALE. IN TESTS WITH CATS THE MALE CAN BE TAUGHT TO GO IMMEDIATELY TO THE MATING PEN AFTER ONLY ONE EXPERIENCE. THE FEMALE CAT HAS NEVER BEEN CONDITIONED TO GO TO THE PEN.

IN DISCUSSING THE PHYSIOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN, DR. POMEROY LISTED THE FOLLOWING:

32% OF THE MEN AND 17% OF THE WOMEN WERE SEXUALLY AROUSED BY SEEING THE OPPOSITE SEX.

7% OF THE MEN AND 3% OF THE WOMEN BY SEEING THEIR OWN SEX.

18% OF THE MEN AND 3% OF THE WOMEN WERE AROUSED BY NUDE FIGURES IN ART.

25% OF THE MEN WERE SEXUALLY AROUSED BY VIEWING THEIR OWN PENIS. 11% OF THE FEMALES WERE SIMILARLY AROUSED BY SEEING THEIR OWN GENITALS.

42% OF THE MEN AND 14% OF THE WOMEN WERE AROUSED BY PORNOGRAPHIC PICTURES.

20% OF THE MEN AND 8% OF THE WOMEN PRACTICED INTERCOURSE IN THE LIGHT.

37% OF THE MEN AND 22% OF THE WOMEN EXPERIENCED EROTIC FANTASIES CONCERNING THE OPPOSITE SEX.

83% OF THE MEN AND 37% OF THE WOMEN HAD NOCTURNAL ORGASM IN DREAMS.

11% OF THE MEN AND 3% OF THE WOMEN WERE AROUSED BY SADO-MASOCHISTIC STORIES.

THERE IS QUITE A DISCONTINUITY IN THE SEX LIFE OF WOMEN, DR. POMEROY POINTED OUT. A LOT OF WOMEN WILL BE SEXUALLY ACTIVE IN THEIR EARLY TEENS, THEN GO FOR YEARS WITH LITTLE OR NO ACTIVITY. MEN, HOWEVER, HAVE A MORE OR LESS REGULAR SEX LIFE FROM THE BEGINNING. MALES HAVE THE HIGHEST SEXUAL DRIVE IN THEIR MID AND LATE TEENS. WOMEN BUILD UP THEIR DRIVE STEADILY INTO THE LATE TWENTIES AND THEN HOLD IT UNTIL AROUND THEIR MID-FIFTIES.

AS MENTIONED BEFORE, THERE ARE FEW FEMALE SEX OFFENDERS. WOMEN ARE NOT VOYEURS AND THERE ARE FEW OF THEM THAT ARE FETISHISTS.

AN INTERESTING SIDELIGHT IS THAT IN THE INSTITUTE'S CANVASS OF ARTISTS ALL MALE ARTISTS HAVE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER DRAWN FRANKLY EROTIC DRAWINGS EITHER FOR THEIR OWN AMUSEMENT OR FOR FRIENDS. BUT OF ALL THE WOMEN ARTISTS SAMPLED ONLY EIGHT HAVE EVER DRAWN SUCH PICTURES.

INSCRIPTIONS IN PUBLIC TOILETS ARE ALSO INDICATIVE OF THE DIFFERENT BENTS OF MEN AND WOMEN. ONLY ABOUT 25% OF WOMEN'S PUBLIC RESTROOMS HAVE SEXUAL INSCRIPTIONS ON THE WALLS, AND THESE ARE PRIMARILY OF THE "HEARTS AND FLOWERS" TYPE. MALE TOILETS, HOWEVER, (86% OF THEM) HAVE FRANKLY SEXUAL INSCRIPTIONS AND DRAWINGS, USUALLY IN THE FOUR-LETTER VERNACULAR.

HETEROSEXUAL MALE ATTITUDES TOWARDS HOMOSEXUALITY OFTEN CHARACTERIZE THAT OF MEN "DESPICABLE" BUT OF WOMEN "OKAY". WHEN QUESTIONED AS TO WHY LESBIANS ARE ALL RIGHT THE ANSWER MANY TIMES WAS "BECAUSE I READ THE 'WELL OF LONELINESS'". HETEROSEXUAL MALES ALSO FIND THE IDEA OF LESBIANISM SEXUALLY INTRIGUING, SINCE IF ONE WOMAN IS GOOD, TWO ARE TWICE AS GOOD.

"IN OUR OVERALL SAMPLING," DR. POMEROY DECLARED, "WE FIND THE HOMOSEXUAL AS STABLE AND WELL-ADJUSTED AS THE HETEROSEXUAL. THERE IS A HIGHER PERCENTAGE OF HOMOSEXUAL UPSET, BECAUSE OF SOCIAL TABOOS, BUT THIS IS MORE LIKELY TO BE TRUE OF THE MALE HOMOSEXUAL THAN OF THE LESBIAN."

DR. POMEROY AGAIN REITERATED THAT 80%-95% OF THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES COULD BE PUT IN JAIL FOR THEIR SEXUAL PRACTICES IF THE LETTER OF THE LAW WERE ADHERED TO. HE ADDED THAT PROBABLY ONLY ONE PERCENT OF SEXUAL PRACTICES WERE INVOLVED IN REPRODUCTION.

-PHYLLIS LYON

Summer Story

Diana Sterling

Fran drove the car as though she had become one with it. She had been driving since three in the morning, eager to make the resort at dawn. Eagerness would not be put down. She pushed into second gear as they made the last rise, in time to see sunlight break. The windshield was guttated and insect-spattered; the hood beyond it was fuzzy with grit and powder. Fran rubbed her fingers together as though to elimainate the sweat. Both she and Sue sighed, a scarcely audible agreement, in gratitude that they had arrived; yet there was something pleasant in the clamminess productive of an all-night drive. They were deliciously fatigued and overjoyed at the prospect of a full weekend alone together in the mountains.

Minutes later, after they had registered in a cabin and showered in the square ridiculous building that looked like an oversized outhouse, they were back, luxuriating 'n the dry wooden building that was theirs for the weekend. A simple bed dominated the room, a small wood stove crouched coldly in the corner in company with a pile of firewood. There was a large tin of sawdust saturated with kerosene. It was one of the "modern" additions to facilitate igniting the wood. In the corner, opposite, stood a huge white enamelled chamber pot capped primly with a cover.

Sue began at once to tug at the chest of drawers by the bed. She was not particularly in a hurry to unpack, but the idea of snooping in drawers left by another smacked of intrigue and adventure.

"What're you looking for?" It was a question Fran knew she need not have asked.

"Who knows?" Sue said, "with preseverance I may one of these days stumble on . . ."

"I know," said Fran, a smile edging her voice, "stumble on something that will stagger the imagination.

"Now you're funning me." Sue said, using the Midwestern colloquialism to conceal her disappointment in Fran's lack of zeal.

They hiked though the morning, not conscious of sleepiness, until at high noon they collapsed on the bed, smelling the strange but clean odor of rented sheets. The cabin was stifling. Fran slipped the windows open with a jerk and a tug.

After dinner in the cafeteria that night they had a beer and joined other vacationers at the campfire for song.

"Whew, this altitude's got me beat,""Sue said when they turned in, "I feel all unsprung."

Fran carried a massive enamelled pitcher filled with spring water. "Glad I brought that bottle of bourbon with us." No alcoholic beverage was sold on the top of the "hill".

They sat sidesaddle on their cabin porch rail and listened to the shuffling sounds of invisible animals among the trees across the road. "Everything tingles with silence," Fran said, scarcely moving her lips, "it seems to reach way out somewhere, past where we can see; it has the depth of a perfect blue sky that goes way beyond itself."

The trees swayed like a visible hum and Sue said: "Makes me tingle too, Fran. And here with you in all this ..." she paused, seeking the word, "this splendor, I feel like

the sound of the wind coming through those trees."

In the half light of the moon they touched with their eyes.

A pair of young lovers, nearly as quiet as animals, walked by. When they had gone Sue said: "Fran, come down off the rail and put your arms around me."

"Will you please stop talking nonsense. You know I can't do that, Sue. People are going by all the time around here."

"They don't bother about us. They've got their own diversions. Besides, I don't intend to be obvious."

"Why can't they see us? We can see them. And shush, they may be anywhere around here now."

"Listening's got to meet sound halfway." Sue said petulantly and pushed the door into their cabin as though battling an intruder. She lighted the coleman lamp and bolted onto the hard bed, grunted when she landed, and with chin on the edge she reached out and procured the sealed bottle. "I could make me a mint," she said.

"How so?" Fran followed her in; set the massive pitcher full of spring water on the chest of drawers.

"By making me a still up here in these parts, like I heer tell they do in the hills." She moved her tongue slowly to get the right inflection. "First ah'd git me a still then ah'd have me a mint."

"Catch." Fran threw a pair of sneakers under Sue's nose to the floor.

"Thanks, Fran. I'm beholden to ya."

"Zounds!" Fran slapped her forehead with the palm of her hand.

Sue swung around onto her back, arms and legs eagle-spread on the wide bed. She waved the amber bottle up high above

her head and hooted.

"Be quiet!" Fran said, and laughed inspite of her caution. "These walls are paper-thin and the air's like crystal. One flick of sound on it and you can hear it resound for miles."

"Nuts," Sue said and broke the seal on the bottle. "Shushing me grates like striking a match down my spine. Shush! hush! be quiet! shut up! silence!" She braced herself and vaulted so that she was sitting up. "In simple language, 'Drop dead!'"

"Look, it's not as if we were a party of children."

"Other couples whoop it up sometimes."

"Not two gals alone." Fran had to resist her over-caution sometimes and aware of it now she said: "We came here for a peaceful weekend, didn't we?" And answering herself: "Well, all right."

"Nuts, don't be happy, don't be gay, that's what you mean. Isn't it?"

"Just don't be a dunderhead."

"I've heard it before. Misery begets sympathy quicker than happiness, you said. Hell, who wants sympathy?"

"You're confusing sympathy with pity," Fran said. "when I say sympathy I mean an affinity. Harmony." Fran washed out the water glasses on the chest of drawers and polished them dry. She held them up to the coleman lamp for inspection and said: "Yes, I do think misery gets sympathy quicker than joy or whatever you want to callit. To some people happiness is synonymous with sin."

Fran set the glasses down and Sue raised herself to pour. Then she snuggled back onto the bed holding the glass, relaxed. "In the theatre," she said, "when I'm doing a tragedy, tears come easily, but by the same token the house isn't exactly quiet when I perform in a comedy."

"That's altogether not what I mean," Fran said, pouring water from the pitcher into their glasses. "In the theatre you're doing a sympathetic character, you're doing someone people recognize and can identify with."

"Hell, I don't intend to throw confetti and celebrate or ballyhoo what I am. Who gives a hang anyway if they discover about us?"

"Who?"

"Those you want me to shush for. They watch us pass for a moment and then we go out of their sight forever."

"But not out of mind. What we do reflects on other kids," Fran said. "We've got to be extra careful. We're representing thousands of kids like us."

"And on the other side of the fence?"

"That's different. A murderer is not representative of a heterosexual, is he?"

"I know, I know, a murderer who's gay represents us somehow," Sue said. And halfway mumbling: "But who said anything about murder anyway?"

"According to the tribunal of public opinion? Yes, most always. Look, "Fran set her glass down so that the liquor spilled a little. " There are men and there are women. Right?"

"Do tell," Sue thrust her chin up, puckered her lips and closed her eyes, assuming an attitude of snobbishness.

"Now," Fran leaned forward on the rustic chair in which she sat, "we know what they're. . ."

"Not again." Sue held out her arm, dangling the glass at the other end; then she brought the glass to her lips and took deep of the drink. "Let us cut the film there,"

(Continued on page 21)

Artemis Smith Speaks for Herself

I was born in Rome, Italy, of Austrian-Norwegian parents, and I am a Baronness, my family originating in Transylvania, where Dracula and Carmilla camped. I am 25 and have been in the U.S. 19 years, having escaped most of World War II. My one memorable experience in Europe was the time that I was bitten on the nose by a beautiful white peacock in one of the parks outside Rome - this may have been a good augury, in the old classical tradition.

At present, I live with my roomate, Billie, in a small apartment which also serves as our office. We have been together nearly five years and have two cats, both female, and both queer. We support ourselves through advertising and graphic arts accounts that we service in our own agency, called Artemis Associates, and also through my writing. ODD GIRL is the first novel I have sold, and Beacon Books has just bought a second which will be released some time this fall. Billie also writes, but her novel is not completed as yet.

ODD GIRL is only partially autobiographical. Actually, my past has been more colorful and more diversified than Anne's. I started very young trying to make a career in the theater, acted in a few plays, and then became a night-club singer for a while - nothing very successful, but it flung me into the over-sophisticated world of the theater where the norm of behavior was like that of Beth in my book, and I conformed closely to those standards for two years. After that, I decided to leave the theater and concentrate on my writing - an urge which began when I was three and composed my first poem which, translated, goes something like this:

> I look up to smell perfume with my eyes
> For the stars are the flowers of the skies.

Since both my parents were creative, and my mother was a well known painter, every gem I have ever uttered has been diligently preserved.

I approach all my writing with a meticulous compulsion to get truth and only truth into the book. For this reason, I have been from one end of Greenwich Village to the other, getting to know more about gay life first hand than most old timers would like to unearth. And invariably, I became very involved with my subject -as you can see. Although now I may be considered as a Beat Generation writer (a straight novel that I am now completing is in this category), I abhor the tag and would prefer to be called one of the optimists in the crowd

Billie's and my hobbies are reading Sappho in ancient Greek and Catullus in Latin, and going to college at night.

Simultaneously with the second novel for Beacon, I am at work on a major novel which has had some offers from minor publishers but is still in the process of settling upon a suitable one. This novel deals mainly with a big joke that a chain of repressions plays on four latent homosexuals. It is written in a modern style close to Gertrude Stein's. ODD GIRL was also written that way, but Beacon's editorial department blue-pencilled all of that as not belonging in a sex novel. ODD GIRL is not strictly a sex novel, however. It took four years to write and it was a serious attempt on my part to communicate a way of life and thought as concretely as possible to a world that denies the stability and logic of that way of life.

In many ways, ODD GIRL has failed, and yet in a very peculiar manner. To those repressed friends and to the homosexual haters whom I was able to question, ODD GIRL has only served to discourage their hopes of entering gay life. And yet to homosexuals whose comments I have heard, ODD GIRL has tended to give a word of hope and encouragement that not all of gay life is shallow. I won-

der why the dual reactions - almost as if a reader tends always to select what he wants to believe in a novel and to reject the rest. My greatest consolation out of all this is the knowledge that this type of literature does not seem to "corrupt" those who do not wish to be corrupted, especially in one instance where one of our friends, undecided about the path she should take with her life, decided not to be "gay". I am glad that I was able to spare her the pains of experimentation - and also to spare the pains of the unsuspecting Lesbian who would have had the misfortune of falling in love with her! In another instance, a girl who was very disturbed about being a Lesbian found my book assuring because of its optimistic tone.

I intend to pen all my other novels under the name of Artemis Smith, both straight and gay, as I make little effort to hide my own (I dislike the word homo phile because it is weak) tendencies. I have written four short stories for ONE Magazine under the name of Carle, one of which, "Confessions to a Window", was reprinted in Vriendschap without credit - before the international copyright law came into effect.

My second gay novel for Beacon Books, tentatively titled "Strange Invitation", will be more concerned with the legal aspects of Gay life, mainly with the persecution of "drag butches", and of Lesbians in the Services. It will have a happy ending, not because I wish to make it "party-linish", but because I firmly believe that all true-life endings are in most ways happy - i.e., while there's life there's hope, and killing off a character at the end is somewhat deus ex machina. And since I feel very personally attached to my subject, my treatment will again be very sympathetic.

ODD GIRL by Artemis Smith, Beacon Books, 1959, #B230, 35 cents. This book was reviewed in the "Lesbiana" column of THE LADDER for June, 1959, No. 104. It may be obtained from Beacon Books, Dept. 230, 117 East 31st St., New York 16, N.Y.

Quotes from "Odd Girl"

HER NAME IS ANNE, SHE IS YOUNG, THERE ARE NO BILLBOARDS TO TELL HER HOW TO BEHAVE, NO PAST EXPERIENCE, NO CULTURAL HERITAGE TO LINE HER PATH WITH CUSHIONS. SHE IS VERY INFATUATED WITH BETH...

> "TOMORROW, ANNE," BETH REPEATED. HER EYES HAD MET ANNE'S AND WERE STRONG AND DEFINITE. ANNE SAW THEM AND REALIZED BETH KNEW...

AT A GAY BAR SHE MEETS SKIPPY...

> NOW THAT SKIPPY HAD SPOKEN TO HER SHE DID NOT SEEM SO STRANGE. AGAIN ANNE MARVELLED AT HERSELF. AN UNATTRACTIVE MAN DID NOT GROW ATTRACTIVE WHEN SHE SPOKE TO HIM, ONLY MORE REPULSIVE, AND YET SKIPPY MADE HER FEEL AT EASE.

ANNE'S GAY BUDDY, JACQUES, INTRODUCES HER TO ESTHER, DARK, REMOTE ESTHER.

> FINALLY ESTHER SAID, "WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF ME?" ANNE SHRUGGED, "SOMEONE TO LOVE, I GUESS," SHE SAID. ESTHER LAUGHED. "AND I WANT SOMEONE TO LOVE ME." SHE TURNED AND LOOKED INTENTLY AT ANNE. "THERE'S A FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US."

IN A SMALL, INEXPENSIVE RESTAURANT ANNE MEETS PRU JOHNSON.

> ANNE LOOKED AT HER A MOMENT. THERE WAS SOMETHING WONDERFULLY KIND ABOUT HER EYES; THEY WERE LIVING EYES, MORE ALIVE THAN BETH'S, MORE ALIVE THAN ESTHER'S. THEY WERE EYES LOOKING DIRECTLY AT ANNE AND NOT FAR AWAY AT THE HORIZON.

AND IN THE END . . . BUT WHY NOT READ THE BOOK FOR YOURSELF.

- B.G.

107. THE FIFTH CALLER BY HELEN NIELSEN. MORROW, 1959

DR. LILLIAN WHITEHALL, METAPHYSICIAN, IS FOUND BRUTALLY MURDERED AND ALL EVIDENCE POINTS TO HER ASSISTANT DR. ANNA BARDOSY. ANNA, A HUNGARIAN REFUGEE, OWES HER FREEDOM FROM PRISON TO DR. WHITEHALL. FIVE PEOPLE VISITED DR. WHITEHALL ON HER LAST DAY ON EARTH AND ONE OF THEM KILLED HER. AS EACH PERSON IS INTERVIEWED AND GIVES THEIR OPINION OF THE DEAD WOMAN, A CAREFULLY DRAWN PICTURE OF A VERY REPRESSED LESBIAN APPEARS. SHE HAS CHAINED ANNA TO HER AND KEPT HER CAPTIVE THR UGH ANNA'S SENSE OF GRATITUDE. THE DOCTOR IS PICTURED AS A MAN-HATER, DOMINEERING, FORCEFUL, ETC. AS WELL AS LOOKING QUITE MASCULINE. NOT A SYMPATHETIC TREATMENT, BUT A VERY WELL PLOTTED AND WELL WRITTEN MYSTERY. SHOULD BE AVAILABLE IN MOST LIBRARIES.

108. THE KING MUST DIE BY MARY RENAULT. PATHEON BOOKS, INC. 1958.

A RETELLING OF THE THESEUS LEGEND, IN LIGHT OF MODERN HISTORICAL AND ARCHEOLOGICAL FINDINGS. THE HERO IS SEEN THROUGH THE ELEUSIAN CUSTOMS, THE CRETAN BULL-DANCES AND FINALLY BECOMES LIBERATOR OF ATHENS AND SLAYER OF THE MINOTAUR. OLD GRECIAN WAYS ARE PRESENTED WITH FULL COLOR AND VIVIDNESS, WHILE AFFECTIONS AMOUNG MEMBERS OF THE GIRL'S BULL-FIGHTING TEAM ARE SEEN WITH A CANDOR AND UNDERSTANDING THAT IS ADMIRABLE.

109. A SHOT IN THE DARK BY DAVID GARNETT. LITTLE, BROWN, 1959.

ROBERT REJECTED BY THE LESBIAN CAROLINE, GOES TO A SMALL ITALIAN VILLAGE. HE MEETS AND FALLS IN LOVE WITH GEMMA. HE DISCOVERS VESTIGES OF A CULT WORSHIPPING THE GODDESS DIANA AND FINDS THAT GEMMA IS PART OF THE CULT. IN ORDER TO HIDE GEMMA'S LESBIAN PAST FOR HER SAFETY HE IS FORCED TO LEAVE HER ALONE AND RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES. WHEN HE RETURNS HE FINDS HER IN THE ARMS OF HIS EX-GIRL CAROLINE. FILLED WITH INTRIGUES, ETC. THIS STILL IS A WELL-DONE ROMP BY A TALENTED AUTHOR. VERY OVERT, VERY SOPHISTICATED.

COVER HERALDS NEW BOOK OF POEMS

THIS MONTH'S COVER IS THE JOINT WORK OF KRIS DODDS, WHO DID THE DRAWING, AND JOANNE CONNORS, A VERY PROMISING YOUNG POET.

THE POEM IS ONE OF SEVERAL WHICH WILL APPEAR THIS YEAR IN A COLLECTION OF POEMS OF FOUR YOUNG SAN FRANCISCO POETS. NEWS OF THE PUBLICATION WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE LADDER AND COPIES WILL BE AVAILABLE THROUGH THIS MAGAZINE.

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LAST MONTH'S COVER WAS ERRONEOUSLY LISTED AS "BY KELLY". HOWEVER, IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN "BY KERRY". SORRY.

****

THE "CALENDAR OF EVENTS" WILL NO LONGER APPEAR IN THE LADDER. WITH THE ADVENT OF CHAPTERS IN NEW YORK AND LOS ANGELES SPACE MADE IT NECESSARY FOR EACH CHAPTER TO PUBLICIZE ITS OWN EVENTS. THOSE INTERESTED IN CHAPTER ACTIVITIES SHOULD WRITE THE CHAPTER NEAREST THEM FOR A COPY OF THE CHAPTER NEWSLETTER.

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SUMMER STORY

(Continued from page 13)

she said coughing, "another reel please."

Fran glanced into her drink as though reading into a crystal ball. "After all," she paused in a mental search for something to go with the words, "after all, we're all of us part of a man and a woman and..." again she paused, not exactly sure what she had in mind to say, "and even they're composed've..."

"Please don't be basic. For gawd's sake don't be basic. You and I both've been over and through that since the year one. And it bores me." Sue was seized with laughter. When it was over she poured another round of drinks.

"We shouldn't," said Fran, "but . . ."

Sue set her glass down sharply and threw her legs over the side of the bed. "Gadzooks!" she said.

"What?" Fran said.

"No water facilites," Sue said.

"Basic," Fran said.

"Basin," Sue said, "Basin, What'n hell am I gonna do?"

"What?"

"My hands. I can't stand it when my hands're clammy."

"Think of Daniel Boone."

"Daniel Whonnn?"

"Never mind. Come on. On your feet."

"Where to?"

"Water, my dear, to wash your little pinkies."

"Never mind. I can stand it."

"What about the . . .?"

Sue pointed in the corner to the enamelled monstrosity with the prim cover on it. "I'll rough it," she said and giggled.

"Then quit making with the fuss," Fran said.

The silence seemed tangible and their thoughts leaned back upon it. From time to time the clink and clatter of dishes in the cafeteria kitchen a quarter of a mile away wafted to them.

"Yew drink too musch," said Sue presently and filled their glasses.

"I never ever," Fran said, "except when I'm mountaineering. Now come, seriously, let's put the coleman out and get some shut-eye. We're going riding in the morning with the group.

"Car?"

"Horse."

"What morning?"

"Tomorrow."

"Gahhhh!!!"

"Honey, why? Why are you drinking so much? You know

Dr. Vera H. Plunkett
Chiropractor
465 geary street ORdway 3-3243

how you'll feel tomorrow."

"I don't wanna go with the group! Group group, who wants to go with the group? We're supposed to be on a vacation!" She screwed up her face, mocking tears. "Anyway. . . utopia."

"What?" Fran said.

"Here. Now. The wholewhirl. Ever'budy's nice." The words were tightening in her mouth. "Unnerstan?"

"Homogenized," Fran said.

"Egg-ack-ly!" said Sue, striking her finger into the air.

"What do you mean by that?"

"In your li'le ol' way you'r making the big push for in-nagration. You think we got to be like ever'budy else to get by. You make with the sh-sh and the gobbledygook all the time." She crossed her lips with a forefinger. "How you 'xpect anybudy to unnerstan about us if you don't . . . if you don't stan' up to be counted?" Simpering a little at the phrase, she repeated: "Stan' up an' be counted. How can people make their compar'sons? You want we should all be alike? Ugh!" She screwed up her face to go with the word and, intoxicated as she was, it was seconds before she unscrewed the look.

"Nobudy's got in'ibitions when I'm swizzled. Nobudy's cruel. Live'n let live's the motto of my ewtopia. Anyway," she waved her hand in the air, "booze fits me good right now, like stockings on my beautiful gams." She raised a leotard dressed leg and wiggled her toes.

"My!" Fran said, and: "Well, I'm going to bed.

"Jushed when I'm in a purp . . ." Sue hiccuped, pur-plish passion."

"Look," Fran said, throwing her jeans on the rustic chair and slipping under the drab army blanket, "I'm going to sleep and I'm turning off the coleman. Hear?

No more cigarettes." For security Fran slipped the packet under the bed. "Now, sh," Fran said unnecessarily, "g'night."

"It's sh sh sh," Sue said, "all the time sh. Be good enough, pleeze to shush me kwyetly? I wanna shleep," she said, and fell into a deep deep sleep.

The cabin quieted and Fran listened to the plunking of pine needles and cones that fell onto the roof from time to time. Now and then a small animal of the woods scampered across the top of the building.

Fran thought about what Sue had said, and thought she made sense, despite her being tight. It was some time till sleep also claimed Fran, but before it did she resolved to take a good look at her set of values. And she thought she would begin by canceling her engagement to ride with the group in the morning

CIVIL RIGHTS ISSUE CONVENTION TOPIC

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Mattachine Society is well on its way toward becoming reality. September 4-7 are the dates. Denver, the Mile-Hi City, is the location. And "New Frontiers in Acceptance of the Homophile" will be the convention's general theme.

Mr. William F. Reynard, attorney, will be among the featured speakers. His subject will concern civil liberties of the homosexual. Mr. Reynard is past president and current member of the board of the Colorado branch of the American Civil Liberties Union.

One of Denver's finer convention sites, the luxurious Albany Hotel, is to host the Mattachine Convention. The welcome mat is out.

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Speaking of conventions, we trust everyone is saving their pennies to come to the first DOB convention in San Francisco next year over Memorial Day weekend. Plans are already in progress and a wonderful program is forecast.

READER'S RESPOND

"THE BOOK 'SAM' WAS ADVERTISED IN THE JUNE ISSUE OF THE LADDER, AND SOME FRIENDS WHO SPENT A FEW DAYS OF OUR VACATION WITH US BROUGHT THIS BOOK WITH THEM TO READ ALOUD AS WE RELAXED AROUND THE CABIN.

"ALL OF US AGREED IT IS AN EXCELLENT NOVEL ON THE SUBJECT OF HOMOSEXUALITY. THE CHARATERS ARE SO VIVID WE FELT AS THOUGH THEY, TOO, SPENT A FEW DAYS WITH US. THE STORY IS WELL ORGANIZED AND MOVES ALONG AT SUCH A LIVELY PACE THAT WE COULD HARDLY WAIT FOR THE NEXT READING SESSION TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO OUR NEWLY-ACQUIRED FICTIONAL FRIENDS.

"WE CONSIDER THIS BOOK A REAL 'MUST' FOR ALL YOUR SUBSCRIBERS, MALE OR FEMALE."

Z.N., CALIFORNIA

* * * * * *

"NOW THAT CIVIL LIBERTIES ARE BECOMING A CONCERN FOR MORE AND MORE AMERICANS, I WRITE TO REMIND YOU THAT FREEDOM IS SELDOM A BATTLE EASILY WON.

"IN THE PAST, THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION HAS NOBLY FOUGHT TO PRESERVE OUR RIGHTS OF FREE SPEACH, FREE PRESS AND THE RIGHT TO BE LET ALONE. NOW THESE PRECARIOUS FREEDOMS ARE BEING THREATENED BY A NEW GROUP OF BILLS, INTRODUCED BY SENATOR EASTLAND OF MISSISSIPPI, WHICH WOULD CRIPPLE THE SUPREME COURT'S POWER TO ACT IN MANY CIVIL LIBERTIES AREAS.

"ONE BILL WOULD MAKE ALL FEDERAL JOBS, SENSITIVE AND NON-SENSITIVE, SUBJECT TO THE EMPLOYEE SECURITY PROGRAM. 'HOMOSEXUAL TENDENCIES' WOULD BE INCLUDED IN THE SCREENING PROCESS.

"THE ACLU NEEDS SUPPORT, NOW AND URGENTLY, TO PRESERVE THE BASIC HUMAN RIGHTS GUARANTEED UNDER THE CONSTITUTION. I APPEAL TO

EACH AND ALL OF YOU TO SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION OF $6.00, OR MULTIPLES OF SIX, TO THE SUMMER SPECIAL FUNDS APPEAL, AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, 170 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK.

"MAIL IT TODAY, WON'T YOU?"

B. S., CALIFORNIA

* * * * *

"THE JUNE ISSUE ARRIVED ONE DAY EARLY AND IT IS ONE OF THE BEST TO DATE. SOME OF THE ISSUES ARE HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE THE GENERAL RUN. ABOUT EIGHT TIMES YOU HAVE HIT A HIGH SPOT, AND THIS IS ONE.

"THE REPORT ON THE PHILOSOPHER'S OPINION IS HEARTENING. ONE MIGHT HOPE THERE WILL BE OTHERS AS VEHEMENT IN THEIR OBJECTIVE APPROVAL OF US. (THIS SORT OF THING MEANS 10 TIMES AS MUCH AS SUBJECTIVE OUTCRY.)"

B.G., KANSAS

* * * * *

"NATURALLY NO AUTHOR LIKES TO HAVE HER (HIS) WORDS DISTORTED EVEN THE LEAST LITTLE BIT, AND BEING AS SUPER-SENSITIVE AS AUTHORS ALWAYS ARE, I FEEL THAT MINE AS PRINTED IN THE JUNE ISSUE ('WHAT IS RESPONSIBILITY?') WERE DISTORTED MORE THAN A LITTLE - SO MUCH SO AS TO BE QUITE INCOMPREHENSIBLE. PLEASE DO NOT FIRE YOUR TYPISTS - I KNOW THAT THEY WORK UNDER A LOT OF STRESS, AND MISTAKES ARE ONLY HUMAN.

"STILL, I WONDER IF YOU WOULD HAVE THE SPACE TO PRINT THIS CORRECTION OF PARTS OF TWO PARAGRAPHS THAT MIGHT HAVE MYSTIFIED ANY POSSIBLE READERS:

"'RESPONSIBLE BEHAVIOR IN A BROADER SENSE WOULD SEEM TO INVOLVE MORE THAN, AND SOMETIMES LESS THAN, THIS: IT WOULD SEEM TO CALL FIRST FOR A REALISTIC APPRAISAL OF ONE'S OWN PERSONALITY, ASSETS AND LIABILITIES, SCOPE AND LIMITS; AND SECOND, FOR A WILLINGNESS TO THROW ONE'S ENERGIES FULLY INTO SOME SOCIALLY DESIRABLE ACTIVITY. RAISING A FAMILY (IF WELL DONE) MAY QUALIFY AS SUCH AN ACTIVITY, AND A BASIC ONE, BUT IT IS NOT THE ONLY ONE .....'

"'.....OR ONE MAY GIVE CONTINUING HELP OR LOVE TO ONE OTHER PERSON WHO WANTS OR NEEDS IT. THERE IS IMPLIED A WILLINGNESS TO ACT WITH SOME REGARD FOR THE CONSEQUENCES TO OTHERS.....'

"THANKS. CONSIDERING EVERYTHING, I THINK YOUR BATTING AVERAGE ON TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS IS REMARKABLY LOW!"

FLORENCE CONRAD, CALIFORNIA

WE DIDN'T "FIRE" THE TYPISTS, JUST BEAT 'EM TO DEATH. A CAMPAIGN IS NOW RAGING TO KEEP THE LADDER PURE (TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING). - ED.

* * * * *

"THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN FOR ANOTHER SPLENDID ISSUE. WE ARE AVID READERS AT OUR HOUSE AND WHEN THE LADDER ARRIVES IT RECEIVES OUR STRICT AND UNDIVIDED ATTENTION.

"WE ENJOYED BEV BERKELEY'S STORY, 'THE GAY PARTY,' VERY MUCH. BUT MORE THAN THAT WAS THE UNCANNY SIMILARITY BETWEEN IT AND A HALF-HEARTED LITERARY ATTEMPT ON MY PART. THE CHARACTERS, SETTING, PLOT - ALMOST IDENTICAL. PLEASE DON'T THINK I'M IMPLYING THAT THERE IS PLAGIARISM ABROAD, BUT IT WAS SO COINCIDENTAL AS TO MERIT WRITING ABOUT.

"BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUCCESS WITH THE MARVELOUS JOB YOU ARE DOING FOR US."

B.A.N., ONTARIO, CANADA

* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS COMMENTING ON ARTICLES AND STORIES APPEARING IN THE LADDER ARE BECOMING FEWER AND FEWER. WHY? IS IT THAT NO ONE READS THE MAGAZINE - OR (WE HOPE) THAT YOU ARE ALL TOO LAZY TO LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK? WE'D LIKE TO HEAR - PRO OR CON. THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE AND WE NEED TO HEAR FROM YOU TO KNOW IF WE ARE DOING THE JOB THE WAY YOU WANT IT DONE.

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THE LADDER: A monthly publication by the DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC., mailed by first class mail in a plain sealed envelope for $2.50 per year.

CONTRIBUTIONS are gratefully accepted from anyone who wishes to assist us in our work. We are a non-profit corporation working entirely on donated labor. Our fees are not of such amounts as to allow for much expansion of the publication. While men may not become members of the DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC., many have expressed interest in our efforts and our publication and have made contributions to further our work. Of course, anyone over 21 years of age may subscribe to THE LADDER.

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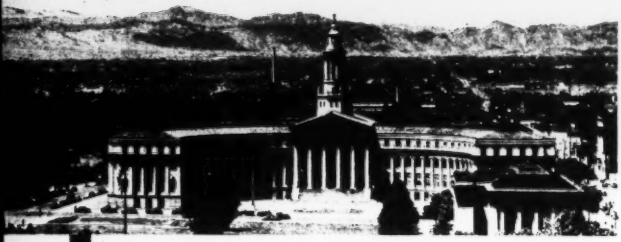

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